

## Light Side Prompt

“You didn’t read the briefing we prepared, did you?” The question was being posed by Major Laes Celyn, the naval officer that had been recently assigned to Ektrosis Quaestor Justinios Drake in an attempt to increase his compliance with military protocol. More importantly the “we” she referred to meant that Justinios’ *KX*-series droid, K1-L0, was also involved in the production of the briefing that the Aleena had in fact ignored completely.

“I skimmed it,” Justinios lied, “I just made an executive decision to formulate my own plan.”

An audible scoff was transmitted across the open line, “Is that the same poorly conceived plan that required Major Celyn to confiscate your lightsaber before you left the *Paragon*?” K1-L0, affectionately nicknamed Kilo, might have been asking sarcastically but the droid wasn’t incorrect. With little other weapons training Justinios had hoped to sneak his saber off on the mission, just as a last resort, despite Consul Rian Taldrya’s insistence not to leave any evidence that Taldryan was anything more than a relic of the Empire.

Lying again, Justinios responded, “No I have since altered my plan. Also can you two lay off of me for now until I can at least slice this door open?” Between the Major’s rigid insistence to established protocol and the droid’s unceasing ability to feel under appreciated in any circumstances Justinios’ comlink had been ablaze since he left them both behind on the Taldryan flagship. Unfortunately, the Quaestor also knew he would likely need them at some point, especially if the mission to infiltrate the facility that was supposedly controlled by the mysterious Vishes went south. This meant crushing the communicator under his tiny boot was out of the question.

The silence that followed indicated that Justinios’ two “handlers” had honored his request, at least for the moment. His reptilian hands continued to work over the keypad to the rooftop entrance, all while the former guard of said doorway was now lying unconscious next to it. After a few more moments of peaceful silence the door slid open with a barely audible hiss.

“Ok I am in,” the Aleena whispered into his comlink. “I am making my way to the closest dataport and getting out of this frakking place before that guard on the roof wakes back up.”

Kilo wasted no time responding, “Sir the original plan was to locate the central computer and...”

“Kilo you know I love you but sneaking through the base of a crime lord with nothing but this crappy holdout blaster is not my idea of a good time.” Taking such a firm tone with the old Imperial automaton would mean Justinios would have to build it’s self-esteem back up later but if that was the price the Jedi had to pay to survive the mission it was worth paying.

“There is a good chance that you will not have access to the full mainframe from a remote port”, the Major stated tersely before adding a hasty, “sir.”

Justinios knew their arraignment was new and that Major Celyn disapproved of the way the Jedi operated but the fact remained that he was the ranking member as well as the one currently in harm's way on the mission. It may not have been the best time or place but Justinios knew he needed to assert himself, "Listen Major I don't always do things by the book..."

"Or ever," Kilo interjected.

With a laugh Justinios continued, "...or ever. But I trust my gut and my buddy Kilo has watched my back while I act impulsively for the last year. He may complain a lot but deep down I know he likes it because I stress his processors to the max as he tries to keep up with me." The lack of any retort from the droid meant that Justinios had indeed summed up the relationship between the two accurately. "Now you left the cockpit of your fighter behind for a reason and if you would like to go back I will issue a stellar recommendation regarding your service under my command but I would prefer to have your skills at my disposal so long as you remember that command is in fact mine."

"Yes, sir!" the Major exulted. "Now let's see about getting that data. If our scans of the building are correct there should be a dataport in the main warehouse outside the doorway opposite your current location."

"I see it, but I also see three heavily armed and angry aliens milling about near it." Justinios reached for the blaster pistol and hoped the Force was with him. Before he could begin his assault Kilo's mechanical voice rang over the comlink again.

"Before you proceed with what I assume is a completely haphazard attack may I suggest we enact part of the plan the Major and I devised?"

With an exuberance in her voice the Major immediately asked, "Do you mean Contingency W1-5?"

"I do!" then droid responded with a similar level of excitement.

"Sir I formally request that we are allowed to enact Contingency W1-5." Majeo Celyn sounded almost giddy with excitement and that alone was enough to pique Justinios' interest.

"Make it so," the Aleena commanded.

After only a brief moment the entire complex was shaking violently from what Justinios could only assume was a massive explosion outside. Two of the three guards went rushing out of the warehouse, sending a smirk cascading over the Quaestor's face. He decided he would get the exact details of what Contingency W1-5 was later and instead called upon the Force to give his tiny blue legs a burst of speed and he quickly closed the gap between himself and the remaining

guard. Distracted by the explosion, the green skinned Twi'lek didn't see the blue streak moving towards him until it was too late.

As the larger alien turned to point his own weapon at Justinios the Aleena was already leaping at the guard's face. Justinios needed to incapacitate his target quickly and without the sound of blaster fire so as his stout body flew through the air he rolled himself into a ball and smashed into the Twi'lek's stomach, immediately knocking the wind out of the larger alien as well as sending its blaster flying out of his hands. With his mark momentarily stunned, Justinios climbed up his back, stood on the guard's shoulders and cracked him in the side of the temple as hard as he could with the blaster pistol. The Twi'lek crumpled to the ground as Justinios gracefully dismounted the unconscious body with a back flip.

Slipping the dataspikes into the now unguarded access point Justinios decided to get the details regarding the contingency plan he authorized, if only to begin preparing his explanation to Rian. "Ok you two what do I need to explain away here?"

"Nothing at all sir," the Major responded. "Any investigation will only show that a speeder passed by that location carrying very volatile chemicals, against multiple regulations I might add, that very unfortunately mixed as the transport took a corner dangerously fast causing a violent but completely explainable reaction. Do not worry, there was no major damage to any persons or property."

The data spike beeped, indicating it had done its work. Removing the device from the access port Justinios began to make his way back to the roof and to the relative safety of the streets of Chyron's Dark Sector. The Quaestor wasn't sure how much useful intel was stored on the device but getting away with his life and without implicating Taldryan in the assault was a major success. Plus, it seemed as if his team was finally starting to gel.

"Great work everyone," Justinios stated as he climbed the stairway back to the roof, climbing over the still unconscious guard, "I suppose I should start reading those plans of yours in the future."